# THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

*BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.*

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

VOL. II.] [No. 13.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 3d, 1802.


## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

### THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

### No. XII.

*TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.*

*SIR,*

I APPROACH you with the veneration and respect due to the tutor and to the sage. I seek consolation from your advice. I implore you to be the mediator between the ladies and myself; to reinstate me in their good opinion, by persuading them, that the traits in my character, which they have uncharitably termed coquetry, and fickleness, and whim, if they be not legitimate shoots of the tree of sensibility....if they be not virtues, are at least the honest errors of a warm and feeling heart. From the sketches which I shall give to you, my character may, with ease, be pourtrayed. I presume the ladies will forgive me, if, in reciting some of the events of my life, I avoid the mention of real names.

It is certain, that, from the want of proper regulation, and continued reflection, the virtues of the heart may be the parents of innumerable ills. Hospitality may cherish the adder in her mansion ...Economy may wear the garb of Avarice..... Prudence may create a dangerous timidity....Charity may profusely and ruinously squander her stores....and the warm and affectionate heart, in its intercourse with female society, may assume the manners of fickleness and levity, and its possessor reproachingly be termed a coquette. If this consideration lead the world to form their opinions on the merits or demerits of actions, from an investigation of their sources, the ladies, as well as I, may benefit be it.

With due respect for the opinions of *Helvetius*, Nature made me as I am. She gave me an ardent disposition, and a warm heart, which led me into female society, long before I understood my Latin grammar. I do not recollect the period when I was not in love, nor the time when I was out of it. I well remember, that, at the age of eight or nine years, my heart was stolen by a neighbour's child, about my own age. The ardent declarations of attachment as frequently warmed my lips, and the sanguine anticipations of the joys of wedlock were as frequently indulged by me at that time, as at any later period. My "*sweetheart*," however, removed to a distant street, and I found absence to be a cure for love. But I was not formed to be out of love. I was again enslaved, and again the removal to another street broke my fetters.

Thus I continued till the age of seventeen, ever living on the smiles of some neighbouring angel. Love had its bliss and its agony, its jealousy and its cares. If the preference of my charmer for another occasionally racked my soul, yet I have felt what lovers alone feel, when permitted to walk by *her* side, in our juvenile rambles; when my rose-bud was accepted in preference of another; or when, in our infant sports, to redeem her pawn, I was selected to be kissed.

'Till this period, however, I had made to no one an offer of marriage, nor can I say, *with certainty*, that it had ever been expected. But, at this time, a charming girl soon came to reside in our neighbourhood, and soon formed an acquaintance with the girls of her own age. Her flowing locks and soft blue eyes enslaved my susceptible heart, before I had spoken to her. I teazed one of my female acquaintances to introduce me to her, and on a fine evening in July, I sat by her, for the first time, on the steps of her father's door. The hours passed rapidly, and, when my introducer rose to go home, I suffered some one else to wait on her, and remained behind. This, of course, was called fickle and impolite; but it made no impression on me, as what I had lost in the esteem of one, I had gained in that of the other. I was now happy. Each day I walked by the house of my charmer, and each evening stopped at her door, if she was sitting there, for I did not dare to knock and ask for her. A year flew on rapidly, and I was ever in her presence. I watched her when she went to school in the morning, and her return at noon. When she visited at night, if I was not invited, I walked up and down before the house for hours, that I might go home with her.

She became acquainted with a young stranger, and I began to grow jealous. I soon perceived that he was a dangerous rival. In his father's garden were roses, and every morning and evening some were plucked for her. I, alas! had none to offer, and I saw, with torment, that his company was anxiously expected....that he was welcomed with smiles, and I had lost my charms. My feelings and my impetuosity were foes to suspence. I watched one evening when my rival had gone to a ball; I went to Maria, and declared my attachment, in unqualified terms; I felt what I said, and vehemently swore her rejection of me would be my death. But she was deaf to my love; the roses of my rival had won her heart; she hinted that her father wished to lock up the house; I departed, and, for a few days, was miserable.

A fortnight afterwards, a new face stole my heart, and Maria was forgotten. I wondered what I had seen in her to admire; I thought her proud and homely, foolish and fickle. Novelty gave me strong recommendations to my new acquaintance, and her old beaux were deserted for me. But, as novelty decked me with charms, so those charms vanished with the flight of novelty. A new face destroyed the impression I had made, and, determined to subject myself no more to the mortification of a refusal, I left her house in a pet, and was called a coquette by the ladies.

Four or five years have passed since; but the events of those years have been nearly similar. The same disposition still remains to teaze and torment me. I am captivated with a new face, and rashly believe it to be the lovely index of the mind. The first interviews are subject to the influence of this impression; I become immediately a daily visiter. But I am soon abandoned to the female rage for novelty, or I discover faults and follies I had not expected, and cease my visits. The ladies believe and term me a coquette, fickle as the wind.

My dear Mr. Saunter, I wish and beseech you to explain to the ladies the motives of my actions; I wish you to persuade them, that I am not a coquette, but am too easily and suddenly captivated by their charms, and that, if my acquaintance with them is short, it is my misfortune, and not my fault; I wish you to tell them, that my disposition will not suffer me to share their smiles with any one, and that if I do not possess their whole affections, I cannot visit them at all. Tell them that I would rather be hated, than treated indifferently. The latter is a source of continual mortification, while the former, though it may for a moment grieve me, yet carries with it its own antidote,

"For grief is proud, and makes the owner stout."

Tell them, I pray you, that my friendship is mistaken for love. The frequency of my visits, the ardour of my conversation, and the particularity of my manners, where I am pleased, though resulting solely from friendship, are mistaken by the ladies for love, and offers of marriage are anxiously expected. If they be not made, I am treated with indifference, my visits are discontinued, and I am called a coquette; while there are others, who visit at the same house for years, and are ever treated with civility. I beseech you, Mr. Saunter, to advise me under what regimen I must place my disposition, so as to be on terms of intimacy and friendship with the ladies, without raising false expectations, or subjecting myself and my pecuniary situation to the busy and malicious scrutiny of aunts and sisters, and all the old maids in the neighbourhood.

Yours, &c.

SENSITIVE.

### LEVITY.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

*MR. OLDSCHOOL,*

I was really amused, and I hope *instructed*, in perusing the profound observations of your correspondent Leander, in number 11 of the Port Folio, upon the insensibility of the ladies of Philadelphia. He appears so admirably calculated, from his nervous and energetic style, to call forth all our sex's tender *sensibilities*, that I ardently wish he will continue his literary productions for our special benefit. I perfectly agree with the sensitive Leander, that the exquisite performance of Mr. Green and others ought not to pass *unnoticed*, and hope, in paying so close an attention to discover whether the dear little ladies are *properly affected*, Leander does not forget his own tear of *manly sensibility*, so justly due to the shrine of merit.

By the bye, dear Mr. Oldschool, we ladies did expect now and then to see something else besides our faults pourtray'd in your paper, and did hope

to have found in you somewhat of a champion, as well as monitor. But alas! you permit us to be *essay'd, riddled, rebussed, and epigrammatized;* ridiculed by dull wits, and snarled at by sullen ones, without once taking up our cause and defending our venial follies. To be sure, your Lounger now and then gives a lash to the fashionable and current absurdities of the other sex, but still I perceive an evident partiality to the beaux. As the lion said to the man, let us be the carvers, and we will make the woman superior to the man. One would imagine you to be a rusty, musty old bachelor, that have in your time experienced the effects of some cruel beauty's inconstancy, and are secretly enjoying all the malignant spleen of your Leanders, &c. &c.

But I know you to be the opposite of this character, and that you look kindly on us; I therefore live in anxious expectation of seeing these impertinents taken down for their insolent temerity.

I have half a mind, Mr. Oldschool, to invite you myself to one of those *ridiculous* entertainments, called *tea parties*, where you can judge for yourself on which side the deficiency of entertainment lies. We are sometimes told that we chatter like magpies, without knowing the meaning of a word we utter. Then some wit amuses himself by comparing us to a number of pretty images set round a toy-shop. Now, pray whose fault is this? I appeal to you, as a man of candour, in the name of all the fair sex.

An evening party generally consists of a pretty equal number of both sexes, the ladies, as has been said, sitting, in prim order, round the room, whilst the young gentlemen are amusing themselves in picking their teeth, running their fingers through their hair, to give it a fashionable *derangement*, or lolling back in a chair, both legs extended at full length, with the hands most *gracefully* disposed in the pockets of their pantaloons, and the shoulders thrust up to the ears.

What a "*curst bore*" it would be called by those pretty boys, to have their meditations interrupted. If a young lady should happen to accost one of these elegant figures, it is a cosiderable time ere she can be answered, as the young gentleman must first dispose of the mouthful of delicious juice he has been busily extracting, from a deposit secreted in one of the cheeks. The young lounger then, with a vacant stare, commences, what he calls conversation. "Speak to me, ma'am? Beg your pardon, ma'am....feel so devilish stupid...hav'nt heard a good thing to-night."... "Except what you have said yourself," replies the fair *immoveable*. The young gentleman, with a he, he, he, *readily* answers, "Thank you, good ma'am, I owe you one."

After this brilliant exertion of coloquial wit, he hides himself in the knot which is generally made by the gentlemen in the middle of the room, or before the fire, where they form so strong a phalanx, that none but an amazon would dare to pass through them, which she must absolutely do, to get a peep at the fire. I sometimes pay attention to the eloquent debates of this formidable body, in hopes of hearing something instructive. But Lord help us! it is all a confusion of abusive politics, absurd wagers, and impertinent observations on the female part of the company, and it generally ends in an adjournment to Hardie's, to eat oysters, crack a bottle, play loo, and bully the waiter. Such is the majority of the young *gentlemen* of the present day, and no exaggerated picture.

I am, Mr. Oldschool, no disappointed spinster, or neglected widow, that presumes thus to arraign the *lords of the creation*, but am one of those little *immoveables*, who, you find, has not been altogether idle in observation, and who has, although rather awkwardly I fear, taken upon her the defence of her "*fair countrywomen.*"

I am aware that my observations rather reply to strictures on our sex, which have at former times appeared in your paper, than to the piece which has immediately excited them,—I shall, perhaps, at a future opportunity take the liberty of bringing to your notice, the conduct of our beaux at the Theatre, where they are not indeed *immoveable*, but constantly rambling about the house and are to be seen in box, pit, and gallery, during the same evening,....at one time laying on the benches of the stage box; then smoking in the lobby, then in the pit, with their backs to the performers, staring round the house,....and finally thumping with their huge sticks either in the gallery or upper row of boxes,....This for a hint of what may come.

BEATRICE.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### *THE LIFE OF JOHN CARTERET.*

JOHN CARTERET, earl Granville, an eminent English statesman, born in 1690, was the eldest son of George lord Carteret, whose death left him heir to his title before he was five years old. He was educated at Westmister school, and Christ-church college, Oxford; and through his attention and abilities brought away an uncommon share of the classical knowledge for which those seats of learning are celebrated. High principles in government, and a fondness for convivial pleasures, are also said to have accompanied him thence, and to have characterised him through life. He was introduced into the House of Peers, in 1711, and immediately distinguished himself by zeal for the Hanover succession, which acquired him the notice of George I, by whom he was successively raised to various posts of honour. He was a forcible and eloquent public speaker, and supported all the measures of administration during that reign. In 1719, he went ambassador-extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the queen of Sweden, and mediated the peace between that crown and Denmark, which put an end to the troubles of the north of Europe. In 1721, he became Mr. Craggs's successor as secretary of state, and proved an able parliamentary support to the conduct of the ministry, defending with vigour their boldest measures. He accompanied the king to Hanover, in 1723, and on his return joined in various conferences on matters of importance at the Hague. In the next year he was appointed to the high and arduous post of lord-lieutenant of Ireland, which kingdom was then in a state of great discontent, not a little fomented by Swift's famous Drapier's Letters. Swift, who esteemed lord Carteret for his manners and learning, expostulated with him on his prosecution of the printer of those letters. Lord Carteret ingenuously replied by a line of Virgil (which perhaps may serve for a sound apology for many of the measures of that whole reign) "Regni novitas me talia cogit Moliri."... "The unconfirmed state of the throne compels me to make use of these means." After an administration which upon the whole proved satisfactory to the nation, he returned to England, in 1726, and continued an eminent supporter of the government. Soon after the accession of George II, in 1727, he was again appointed to the viceroyalty of Ireland, where, with the interval of a visit to England, he conducted the affairs of government till 1730, with great success, employing his social talents to conciliate parties, and maintaining a good correspondence with several of the tory party. On this occasion, Swift wrote an humorous Vindication of Lord Carteret from the Charge of favouring none but Tories, High-churchmen, and Jacobites. From the time of his return, for reasons of which we are not informed, lord Carteret became a violent opposer of the administration conducted by sir Robert Walpole; and in the course of his many speeches in the parliamentary contest, he was led to maintain maxims and hold language very different from his own whilst a member of government. He opened, in the House of Peers, the famous motion of February, 1741, for an address to remove Walpole from the king's presence and councils, and exerted all his eloquence on the occasion. When, in 1742, the dismission of this minister was effected, lord Carteret again became a secretary of state, and again supported measures similar to those he had lately been censuring. In 1744, on the death of his mother, he succeeded to the titles of viscount Carteret and earl Granville. It is unnecessary to follow him through all the subsequent political changes of his life, in which he was sometimes high in the favour of his sovereign, and sometimes was obliged to give way to more powerful interests. He died on January 2, 1763, in the seventy-third year of his age. The natural talents and acquirements of earl Granville appear to have been sufficient to place him very high among political characters, but his ardent, enterprising, and overbearing temper, fitted him rather for being the minister of an absolute monarch, than of a limited sovereign. He was ambitious and fond of sway, but neither mercenary nor vindictive; his genius was lofty and fertile, and his confidence and presumption were equal to it. It has been said of him, that he never doubted. His own literary abilities made him an encourager of learned men; and he was the particular patron of Dr. Taylor the celebrated Grecian, and of Dr. Bentley. In social life he was pleasant, good-humoured, frank, and bacchanalian.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

*Princeton, March 18th,* 1802.

The burning of the college edifice in this place on the sixth instant, has been announced in all the public papers. This melancholy occurrence having occasioned a meeting of *the trustees of the college of New-Jersey*, they have found it to be an indispensable obligation arising out of the trust confided to them, to make a representation to the public, in behalf of the institution committed to their care. In doing this they are deeply sensible that every consideration, both of duty and interest, dictates, that they should exercise a peculiar caution not to depart from the simplicity of truth.

The college of New-Jersey was originally founded with a leading view to cherish the principles and extend the influence of evangelical piety. At the same time it was hoped and expected, that as the spirit of genuine religion is ever favourable to the interests of civil society, many warm and able advocates of these interests would be nurtured in the bosom of this institution. We trust it may be asserted, without arrogance or vanity, that these views and hopes have not proved fallacious or extravagant. Whoever will look through the several departments of public life at present, or review the eventful scenes which our country has witnessed for half a century past, may be convinced that this college counts among those who have been most distinguished in sacred and in secular office, a number of her sons which she need not blush to compare with those of any sister institution.

One principal cause of the usefulness of this seminary, has been its complete independence on legislative influence and controul, and its dependance, as complete, on the benevolence and favour of an impartial public; which could alone be secured by its intrinsic merit, and its constant and vigorous efforts to render itself worthy of voluntary individual patronage....Previously to the American revolution it was, to say the least, commonly no object of favour with the government of the province. By the

depreciation of the continental money, and other events which took place during the revolution, the funds of the corporation, always inconsiderable, were nearly annihilated; while the buildings in their possession, by being alternately occupied by the contending armies, were reduced almost to a state of ruin. Since the revolution, the legislature of New-Jersey have made a grant of eighteen hundred pounds, appropriated by law to the repairing of the buildings, to the encrease of the library, and to the provision of a philosophical apparatus....This is all the legislative aid that we ever have received; perhaps that we ever shall obtain.

Under every discouragement and difficulty, however, the institution has not only been supported and continued, but has been able in some measure to retrieve its losses. By the exertion of its friends and the small public bounty which was conferred, the buildings were put in tenantable repair, the library and philosophical apparatus became respectable, the faculty were comfortably provided for, the number of students was greatly encreased, and all the future prospects of the college began to brighten. But alas! in one fatal day they were all clouded with the darkest gloom. The fair edifice, erected by the liberality and consecrated by the prayers of our pious and public spirited predecessors, was totally consumed, and three thousand volumes of valuable books, with much private property of the students, perished in the flames. Under this inauspicious and afflictive event, which the providence of a holy God has permitted to take place, we are humbled and mourn.* But can we, ought we, so far to despond, as to suffer the establishment to become extinct? No, we are rather resolved, relying on that aid which has always hitherto been extended to us in the time of distress, to meet with encreasing efforts the encreasing billows of adversity. Our funds are indeed small;....they are as nothing when compared with our present necessities. But we are confident we have friends: And when we recollect how much more numerous, as well as how much more wealthy, the individuals are who are likely to patronize the college now, than those were who established it at first;....when

*The circumstances which attended the burning of the college were such as to leave little doubt that it was the effect of design; but though every effort has been used for that purpose, we have not yet been able to ascertain the incendiary.

We recollect, above all, the pure designs, the ardent vows, the unshaken faith of those who laid its foundations, and call to mind that it has in fact been eminently blessed as a nursery both for church and state, we cannot distrust the event of our efforts. We cannot but hope that this temporary calamity is even to be over-ruled for a lasting benefit. Entertaining these sentiments, we have determined to recall the scattered students, to set about the rebuilding of the college without delay, and to cast ourselves on the care of divine providence, and on the public liberality, to bear us through.

But realizing for ourselves, and begging our friends to realize likewise, that confidence of success in an arduous undertaking without the most active and vigorous exertions to secure it, is rather weakness and presumption than any commendable or virtuous quality, we feel the necessity of using our utmost endeavours to obtain benefactions for the college. We have accordingly taken measures to open subscriptions for this purpose; and we beg for a candid indulgence while we address a few words

I....TO THE FRIENDS OF RELIGION.

To those who are comprehended in this description, our college owed its original establishment; and we trust that the friends of religion now, will not be found less munificent than those who possessed this character fifty years ago. Your means of promoting laudable designs are greatly increased ....Far from us be the injurious supposition that your disposition to do good is diminished. On you, we avow it explicitly, is our principal reliance. We have always endeavoured to make the institution for which we solicit, a fountain of those principles which to you are the dearest and the most sacred; and these endeavours we mean to continue even with encreased zeal. We proposed to recommence the instructions of the college with new regulations, calculated to secure more effectually than ever, the moral and religious conduct of the youth entrusted to our care. We aim to make this institution an assylum for pious youth, so that in this day of general and lamentable depravity, parents may send their children to it with every reasonable expectation of safety and advantage. This we know will create us some enemies; but your patronage and prayers will, in every view, be more than a compensation for their hostility. We never indeed, have been so attached to the dogmas of any religious sect, as to impose them on our pupils....To all past experience we appeal as evidence, that religious intolerance has never existed here. But religious principle always has been, and we hope always will be, cherished and guarded with care and vigilance. To the friends of religion, then, we look, to enable us to erect a bulwark against the assaults of impiety and in defence of the pure gospel of Jesus Christ.

II....TO THE FRIENDS OF SCIENCE.

Among those who merit this appellation we hope to find many of our warmest advocates and valuable patrons: For to all the friends of science, wherever educated, all her interests we know must be dear. In whatever sect, or in whatever religion, science prospers, men of science always rejoice. Rendered liberal by their own attainments, they can even abstract from the characters of others what is offensive to themselves, and still prize and esteem intelligence, talents and learning, wherever they are found. From you, gentlemen, we ask some pecuniary assistance to enable us to cultivate the sciences, in an institution which has not been the least distinguished in our country, either for zeal or success in fostering them. Freed from sordid views and feelings by your education and habits of thinking, you will afford us cheerfully the assistance which may be proper....To press the subject on you would be impertinent.

III....TO THE FRIENDS OF CIVIL LIBERTY.

Of those who are eminently entitled to this designation, many have received their education with us, and many more have always regarded us with kindness. In an hour of peculiar necessity we now solicit your benevolent interposition in our favour. A report we are informed, has gone forth, that this institution is chargeable with political intolerance. The justness of this charge we absolutely deny. So far as the demands of religion can be supposed by any to interfere with those of a political nature, we must indeed admit, nay we are forward to declare, that we shall sacredly regard the former, however they may be imagined to militate with the latter. But this declaration we are confident will be considered by good men of all parties as perfectly consistent with an unqualified denial of political intolerance. No pupil with us has ever been questioned on the subject of his political creed, nor withheld from a full and free avowal of his sentiments, nor received any censure or disapprobation for making known his opinions either in speech or writing. We trust, therefore, that neither this unfounded rumour, nor the insinuations of any individuals hostile to the college, will be permitted to operate to its disadvantage at this critical and necessitous juncture of its concerns. It fears no scrutiny on this topic. It makes some pretentions to services rendered to the social and political interests of the United States, and it now asks for the mean of rendering more.

IV....TO THE ALUMNI OF THE COLLEGE.

We esteem it as a precious proof, both of our own fidelity, and of the benefit which you have received in this institution, that your zealous attachment to the place of your education is acknowledged by all, and thought by many to be singular. Our expectations from you on this occasion are sanguine. We know that you cannot contemplate Nassau-hall as a heap of ruins without a deep excitement of your sensibility, and a ready exertion of all your faculties to restore your alma mater to her former respectability. It will be much in your power to do this. Occupying stations of honour and distinction, possessing wealth or influence, scattered through all the populous cities, towns and districts of the union....what cannot you effect? It is surely not too much for us to say that we calculate on your taking the lead in promoting subscriptions wherever you are, and on your care to forward the amount whenever it shall be collected. Never did the college need your zeal and services so much as now, and we will not believe, that when it is in your power to render us essential assistance, your disposition will not be equal to your ability. If we were even reduced to the necessity of depending on you alone to restore our affairs, such is our reliance on the former children of our care, that we should hold it criminal to resign our hopes. But when we have only to ask that you should be examples to others, and lead and prompt the general benevolence, our hope rises into assurance of success.

V....TO THE WEALTHY AND BENEVOLENT OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

We are not insensible that numerous donations are solicited from you for various charitable purposes within the smaller circles of society in which you are included, or by institutions with which you are immediately connected. But allow us likewise to remark or rather to repeat, that our college has no patronage but yours. It is your institution ....you founded it; you have hitherto supported it; and when you withdraw your countenances it cannot exist. We wish not to be unduly importunate, and we feel that to solicit with earnestness and yet without meanness, is no easy task. But may we not say that among all the objects which demand your special regard, this college is almost on a footing with any other, and therefore that others ought not to claim your favours to the exclusion of this....Let us at least divide your liberality with them.

As our subscriptions are to be extensively circulated, we most of all deprecate the influence of an idea naturally suggested by such a circumstance; namely....That as many are to give, large sums of money will certainly be collected, and therefore, that each need give but a little, and indeed that it can be of no great importance if a number shall refuse to give at all....It is not obvious that in this way the very expectation that much will be received may prevent its reception? Let it be remembered, then, that between all speculative calculations about money, and the actual receipts, the difference is usually very great. Let it be remembered that this difference is commonly the greatest of all, when the basis of calculation is voluntary contribution. Let it be remembered that it is really a large sum that is necessary to repair our losses....Forty thousand dollars, will, we fear, fall considerably short of placing us on the same standing that we occupied before the late distressing conflagration of our property, and even then we were greatly embarrassed for want of funds. Many items are necessary to rise to the requisite amount....But we forbear. May that God who hath the hearts of all men in his hand dispose

you to give, and then reward you for the gift with the richest of his blessings.

Signed by order, and in behalf of the board of trustees, by

JOSEPH BLOOMFIELD,
Governor of New-Jersey, and
President, ex officio, of the
Corporation.

## FROM THE MICROCOSM.

Their appetite for unusual pleasure, was in proportion to their former ferocity.

THERE are many ideas, which, as I have hinted in a former paper, we are apt, merely on poetical authority, to adopt as data, and to substitute the pleasing, but extravagant exuberance of a luxuriant fancy, for the convincing solidity of Historical demonstration. Among these, none perhaps recurs more frequently to our imagination, or strikes it more forcibly, than the primæval innocence of man. We inwardly reproach ourselves with degeneracy; and are chagrined, when, after having contemplated the beauties of so highly finished a picture, we cast our eyes on an imperfect sketch which suffers so much by the comparison.

A state of nature, however, when divested of its poetical ornaments, will be found to be by no means a state of innocence; and we shall perceive upon a more accurate inspection, that civilization, far from being prejudicial to the virtues of mankind, is in reality that fine polish which displays his exalted endowments to advantage; and effects the grand distinction between brute and human nature. The soul of man is so intimately blended with his passions, that Apathy is almost nonexistence! and even in the most sluggish and insensible, we discover some ruling appetite, some main spring, which seems to actuate the few ideas of his listless vacancy. To reduce these therefore from our tyrants to our assistants, and to convert to the purposes of an agreeable variety, what was originally the cause of a flagitious sameness in our actions is surely beneficial to the community. The vices of Nature are concentrated, but violent; those of civilization diffuse, but gentle. According therefore to the established political maxim, *Divide and conquer*, those of the latter being individually less powerful, are more easily subdued. To this it may be objected, that if the vices of the natural man are more violent, his virtues are at least of a superior nature; that obsequious insincerity is but a bad substitute for disinterested honesty; and that where courage and friendship are exchanged for policy and civility, however it may advance the abilities of mankind, it argues that their hearts are proportionably corrupted.

Specious as the names of these virtues are, that boasted honesty while it extended its influence to the immediate circle in which it moved, narrowed the heart against a general intercourse with mankind, and precluded the idea of philanthropic benevolence; on the contrary, a general attention to the duties of Society, while like the sun it diffuses its light and heat, loses nothing of its central fire. Courage, when restricted by laws, is a desirable attribute; but when it becomes its own legislator, is too much the child of chance to be depended upon as the arbiter of the happiness or misery of mankind.

Civilized policy is by no means so infernal an agent to ambition as it has been generally represented. The time is at length arrived in the more enlightened parts of Europe, when the statesman has ceased to adopt the dagger and the bowl, as necessary pieces of furniture in his cabinet; and in the present age, the school of Machiavel is not considered as the only road to greatness: so far has the refined spirit of the times contributed to humanize even the love of power.

Having thus endeavoured to prove, that a closer union of the bonds of society is by no means derogatory to the dignity, or even prejudicial to the interests of mankind; my next endeavour shall be to investigate, what in all ages has been the most effectual method of reducing barbarous ferocity; of softening the vices of human nature into foibles; and of refining its good qualities into virtues. And no principle we may observe has been more conducive to these effects than the love of pleasure. We may exemplify this by the authority of the most consummate politicians; the revolutions of the most powerful empires; and the* errors of the most experienced commanders, the world ever produced. Cæsar, in accounting for the superior ferocity of the Germans to the Gauls, mentions, as the principal cause, the effeminacy which a frequent intercourse with merchants had introduced among the latter; but which, among the former, was hitherto but little known. Nay, so adapted to the support of this idea are the words of Tacitus, in relating Agricola's method of reducing the savage independence of the Britons, that I will trespass on the reader's patience by transcribing them.

Ut homines dispersi et rudes, eoque bello faciles, quieti et otio per voluptates assuescerent; hortari privatim, adjuvare publice, ut templa, fora, domus exstruerent, laudando promptos, et castigando segnes. Jam vero principium filios liberalibus artibus erudire. Inde etiam habitus nostri honor, et frequens toga. Paulatimque discessum ad delinimenta vitiorum, porticus et balnea, et conviviorum elegantiam. Idque apud imperitos humanitas vocabatur, cum pars servitutis esset.

"That this nation, dispersed and uncultivated, and on that account more prone to war, might, by indulgencies become more accustomed to ease and quiet, he began privately to encourage, and publickly to assist them in building temples, courts of judicature, and habitations; by commending the ready, and chastising the idle; and at the same time, to instruct the sons of their chieftains in the liberal arts. From hence arose their respect for us, and their frequent assumption of the Roman habit; so that by degrees they were brought over to the allurements of luxury, porticos and baths, and elegant entertainments; their ignorance giving the name of refinement, to what was in reality to conduce to their slavery."

A convincing proof, that this politic measure was approved of by this great pattern of provincial government; a measure, which, when we reflect on its salutary consequences, naturally brings to our mind the opposite conduct of the first invaders of America, whose progress was marked with such carnage, merely perhaps from their ignorance or neglect of this founded principle.

To proceed, however, in illustrating what I have advanced, and to prove that the love of pleasure has often been instrumental to subverting the constitutions of empires founded on military law, by lulling to sleep this ferocious insolence where it was a constituent part of the government; I need only recur to the well known instances of Sparta and Rome. The decline of the former, may, with great reason be dated from the abrogation of those wise sumptuary laws instituted by the political penetration of Lycurgus. That celebrated legislator, from having long studied the genius of his countrymen, judged, that a military government was most peculiarly adapted to it; and that the very principle of refinement, which, from their innate pride supported the Athenians, would tend to enervate the haughty severity of the Spartans; and subvert that warlike disposition by which alone they existed as a commonwealth. The alteration produced in the manners, and shortly after in the government of the latter, from similar causes, (a period of about one hundred and thirty years having elapsed from the introduction of the Corinthian and Syracusan luxuries, to the perpetual dictatorship of Sylla,) is too well known to need discussion here. Suffice it to say, that during this interval, and even after the subversion of the commonwealth, the great and elegant geniuses, who, from the introduction of the liberal arts, were enabled to add cultivation to a rich and luxuriant soil, have so far obscured the rugged and unformed virtues of their predecessors, that though the mind may rest with a momentary satisfaction on a Cincinnatus or a Fabricius, it is to the refined voluptuousness of a Lucullus, the unbounded soul of a Cæsar, and the inexhaustible genius of a Cicero, that we look for the character of this extraordinary people.

Lastly, to exemplify this idea in the defeats or dissolution of the most powerful and veteran armies, which have entirely originated in a deviation from the simple abstinence necessary to their unity, let us take a short review of the conduct of Hannibal, from his entrance into Italy, to the defection of Capua. This astonishing commander, having through the most barbarous countries in the midst of the united attacks of war, famine, and tempest, cemented the jarring interests of an army made up of the flower of some nations, and the scum of others; having personally surmounted the most incredible difficulties, and in all his enterprizes united the characters of soldier and general; having gained four decisive victories over the Romans in the very heart of Italy; neither himself nor his army could resist the soft climate and luxurious effeminacy of Campania, "Adeo ut vere dictum "sit," says Florus, "Capuam Hannibali Cannas "fuisse." "So it was with justice said, that Capua was Hannibal's Cannæ." I might farther enforce this maxim, by Cæsar's description of Pompey's camp, when he accounts for his victory in Thessaly; and afterwards by the effect of Egyptian luxury on the veteran legions of Antony; were I not hastening to a period, with which, as I presume, some of my fellow-citizens are unwillingly familiar, I purpose concluing this *winter's tale*.

The sudden alteration in the genius of the English on the restoration, an epocha which has now a double hold on immortal celebrity, from the assistance of history and poetry, has been to some a matter of surprise; and the immediate transition from the cold suspicious policy of Cromwell, and the fanatic hypocrisy of the commonwealth, to the general spirit of dissipation, and the sudden revival of sprightly wit, and genius in all its levity, which characterized the reign of Charles, has been consdered as a striking instance of fickleness in the human understanding

But it was probably this principle, so inherent in our natures, which gave rise to so general a variation. The mind of man, after having been harassed by the usurpation of the more violent passions, seizes with avidiiy, the first object which offers itself, as a relaxation from care, and a gratification of the unsatisfied appetites. This was at the accession of Charles, the state of England; at one time distracted by internal discord, at another enslaved by its pretended deliverer, it easily concurred with the more voluptuous disposition of its new master, in exchanging political for poetical ribaldry; and converting the intrigues of the cabinet into those of the chamber. In the one case, the angry collision of two thunder clouds, struck forth mutual flashes, whose progress was only known by the subsequent destruction; in the other, the returning sun, doubly prolific after the storm, nurtured those flowers of wit and genius, which form no inconsiderable figure in the annals of English literature.

The same effects from the same causes may be observed to have taken place in the latter years of William's reign, and more particularly during that of Queen Anne, (deservedly esteemed the Augus-

† This position may seem a little extraordinary, but as the opposite events tend chiefly to the aggrandizement of individuals, it is to subsequent effects we are to look for the advantageous or destructive tendency of these.

tan age of Great-Britain ;) and from that period, though perhaps the same day has not seen the united excellencies of so many distinguished men, our visible refinements in luxury will be sufficient evidence of our progress in civilization. Innumerable are the conveniencies, nay, superfluities of life in this opulent kingdom, which in the beginning of this century were totally unknown; and which, though they may feed Cynical spleen, or offend the severity of a Stoic, if they tend to add one more link to the chain of society, to awaken one more liberal emotion in the heart, or to humanize into a citizen of the world one more malecontent, (as from their tendency we have every reason to suppose they do,) the temporal evil is by no means equivalent to the lasting good; and the man who advances civilization to its highest polish, is the most beneficial member of the community.

## EGYPT.

### DESCRIPTION OF DAMIETTA AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Damietta is larger, and not less agreeable than Rosetta; it forms a semi-circle on the eastern shore of the Nile, two leagues and a half from its mouth. It contains about 80,000 inhabitants. The houses especially near the river are very high; most of them have pleasant saloons, built on the terraces, in which charming places, open to every wind, the Turk, indolently seated on his sofa, passes his life in smoking, viewing the sea on one side and the Nile on the other. Various grand mosques with high minarets, ornament the city.

Multitudes of boats and small vessels incessantly fill the port of Damietta. There is a great trade between this city and Syria, Cyprus and Marseilles. The christians of Aleppo and Damascus, for many ages established here, carry on the principal trade; they are suffered to grow rich by Turkish indolence, which contents itself with occasional extortions.

What is most disadvantageous to the trade of Damietta is its defective harbour; the road where vessels lie being totally exposed, every gale that rises the captains are obliged to slip their cables, and take refuge at Cyprus, or keep the open sea. By cutting a canal of half a league only, it would be easy to give ships a free entrance into the Nile, which is deep; and this small expence would render Damietta a fine harbour.

The slip of land where Damietta is built, shut in on one side by the river, and on the other by the lake Manzala, is only from two to six miles wide, east and west. Rivulets intersect it in every direction, and render it the most fruitful part of Egypt. The rice in common yields, 80 bushels for one, and other products are in the same proportion. Here nature, eminently and profusely displaying her riches and her pomp, presents the year round fruits, flowers and harvests! She withers not in winter; she fades not in summer! She is neither scorched nor frozen! Verdure is no where so fresh as here; trees no where so loaded with fruit!

There are many villages round Damietta; most of them have manufactories, where the finest Egyptain cloth is made, particularly napkins, much in request, at the end of which is silk fringe: they are brought to table, especially on visits of ceremony: the slave presents one to wipe the mouth after drinking sherbet. Round these villages usually are small woods, where the trees planted promiscuously, have an uncommon and picturesque effect. Besides the sycamore and gloomy tamarind, the elegant capia grows, with clustering yellow flowers, resembling those of the cytisus! the top of the date, loaded with clusters, lords it above the bower; and near its shade the citron and orange rise, or over the peasant's cottage extend their golden fruit. long-leaved banana, the scarlet flowered pomegranate, and the sweet fruited fig, scatter charming variety. Often straying among their meandring paths, shaded on one side by trees, and on the other by clustering reeds, impervious to sight, I have unexpectedly found myself on the banks of the great lake Manzala. Here a different prospect arose; thousands of boats were employed in fishing or spreading nets for the innumerable birds which hither come in search of abundant food, and a temperate climate. I wish to paint nature such as I have seen her a thousand times round Damietta; but I feel myself unequal to the task. Imagine all the delights that running brooks and fresh verdure, all the odour that orange-flowers, all that a mild suavity, a balsamic air, and a most enchanting horizon, can impart, and you will then have but a feeble idea of the small slip of earth included between this expansive lake and the overflowing Nile.

A mile south-west of the town is an orange grove, to which the inhabitants resort. This is the only place where art has any way aided nature; no where else are the trees planted in rows. Here I almost daily went, especially during February, March, and April, when the orange is in flower. No words can express the pleasure of breathing the cool and perfumed air of these delightful shades. The unmutilated trees are above 30 feet high, and their intermingled branches and thick foliage, all in bloom from top to bottom, wholly exclude the sun's ray. Each orange tree is a vast nosegay, the flowers of which almost conceal the leaves, forming together the most beautiful canopy ever beheld. There is a small rivulet beside each row, and twice a day a reservoir is opened, by which the trees are watered. It is intoxication of pleasure to walk here at noon; never did I so forcibly feel all the delicious enjoyments that odours and aromaticks can inspire. Here, in these hot climates, was I convinced that such sweets, far from injuring, are even necessary to health.

### THE NILE FROM CAIRO TO DAMIETTA.

On the 15th of Feb. I went from Damietta in a canjoi, or boat, built for pleasure. A faithful janissary, and an Arabian servant accompanied me, all well-armed: a very necessary caution on the banks of the Damietta, where attacks are continual.

We left Boulac about one o'clock, with a serene sky, and a heat as temperate as one of the finest days of our spring. The inundation had been over about six weeks, and the waters of the Nile incessantly decreased. The current being rather slow, and the North wind blowing, the men were obliged to take to their oars. Wheat and barley, began to ripen. The Indian millet was a foot high; and the third crop of lucern was springing. Cucumbers and water melons spread their flexible branches over the river banks, and beans were almost ripe. The foliage of the trees was verdant, but differently tinctured, and the orange and citron were in flower. Such was the aspect of the country on the 15th of February.

### WATERS OF THE NILE

The waters of the Nile, lighter, softer, and more agreeable to the taste that any I know, greatly promote the health of the inhabitants. All antiquity acknowledges their excellence, and the people drink them with a kind of avidity, without ever being injured by the quantity. Being lightly impregnated with nitre, they are only a gentle aperient to those who take them to excess.

An ancient historian says, that the Egyptians are the most healthy people on earth, which advantages they owe to the salubrity of the air, and temperature of the climate, which seldom varies. But M. Savary observes, that there is an unhealthy season in Egypt. From February till the end of May, the south winds blow at intervals, and load the atmosphere with a subtle dust (which makes breathing difficult), and drive before them pernicious exhalation. Sometimes the heat becomes insupportable, and the thermometer suddenly rises twelve degrees. The inhabitants call this season Rhawsin, fifty, because these winds are mostly felt for fifty days, between Easter and Whitsuntide. It must not, however be supposed, that this wind, which in a few hours corrupts meat and animal substances, blows fifty days. Egypt would become a desert. It seldom blows three days together, and sometimes is only an impetuous whirlwind, which rapidly passes, and injures only the traveller overtaken in the deserts. These whirlwinds of sand have buried caravans and armies.

M. Savary maintains, in opposition to M. Paw and other modern authors, that the plague is not a native diorder of Egypt, but is commonly brought from Smyrna and the Turkish forts. It always stops in the month of June, or those who catch it then are always cured. Excess of heat and cold seems to be equally destructive of this dreadful contagion; winter kills it in Constantinople, and summer in Egypt; it seldom reaches the polar circle, and never passes the tropic.

The European stands aghast with fear at the calamities it produces in Grand Cairo. This city is computed to contain from eight to nine hundred thousand inhabitants. They are so crowded that two hundred citizens here occupy less space than thirty at Paris. The streets are very narrow, and always full of people, who crowd and jostle each other; and the passenger is sometimes obliged to wait several minutes before he can make his way. One person with the plague will communicate it to an hundred.

The Mahometans die in their houses, public squares and streets, without one of them endeavouring to save himself. The Europeans, who shut themselves up, and avoid communication, alone escape the general disaster.

All do not die who are attacked, but I have been assured, that the plague sometimes carries off three hundred thousand people from Grand Cairo.

The Turks use no precautions to prevent the plague; they say it is fate; nor is quarantine performed at one single port.

### *LETTER FROM THOMSON.*

[We are always pleased with an opportunity of preserving fugitive essays, and frank and undisguised letters from the pen of Genius. The following *original* letter from the Bard of the Seasons will be read with uncommon interest.]

*An original letter from Thomson, author of the Seasons, to Paterson, a short time before his death, in the beginning of May, 1748*.*

NO DATE.

DEAR PATERSON,

IN the first place, and previous to my letter, I must recommend to your favour and protection Mr. James Smith, searcher in St. Christophers; and I beg of you, as occasion shall serve, and as you find he merits it, to advance him in the business of the customs. He is warmly recommended to me by Sargent, who in verity turns out one of the best men of our youthful acquaintance, honest, honourable, friendly, and generous.

If we are not to oblige one another, life becomes a paltry, selfish affair....a pitiful morsel in a corner! Sargent is so happily married, that I could almost say...the same case happen to us all!

That I have not answered several letters of your's, is not owing to the want of friendship, and the sincerest regard for you; but you know me well enough to account for my silence, without my say-

* Paterson was Thomson's deputy as surveyor of the Leeward islands.

ing any more on that head. Besides, I have very little to say that is worthy to be transmitted over the great ocean. The world either fertilises so much, or we grow so dead to it, that its transactions make but feeble impressions on us. Retirement, and nature, are more and more my passion every day. And now, even now, the charming time comes on: heaven is just on the point, or rather in the very act, of giving earth a green gown. The voice of the nightingale is heard in our lanes.

You must know that I have enlarged my rural domain, much to the same dimensions you have done your's. The two fields next to me, from the first of which I have walled....no, no,....paled in about as much as my garden consisted of before; so that the walk runs round the hedge, where you may figure me walking any time of the day, and sometimes under night. For you, I imagine you reclining under cedars and palmattoes, and there enjoying more magnificent slumbers than are known to the pale climates of the north: slumbers rendered awful and divine, by the solemn stillness and deep fervours of the torrid noon! At other times I imagine you drinking punch in groves of lime or orange-trees; gathering pine-apples from hedges, as commonly as we may blackberries; poetising under lofty laurels, or making love under full-spread myrtles.

But, to lower my style a little: as I am such a genuine lover of gardening, why don't you remember me in that instance, and send me some seeds of things that might succeed here during the summer, though they cannot perfect their seed sufficiently in this, to them ungenial climate, to propagate; in which case is the calliloo, that, from the seed it bore here, came up puny, ricketty, and good for nothing. There are other things certainly with you, not yet brought over hither, that might flourish here in the summer-time, and live tolerably well, provided they be sheltered in an hospitable stove or green-house during the winter. You will give me no small pleasure by sending me, from time to time, some of these seeds, if it were no more but to amuse me in making the trial.

With regard to the brother gardeners, you ought to know, that as they are half vegetables, the animal part of them will never have spirit enough to consent to the transplanting of the vegetable into distant dangerous climates. They, happily for themselves, have no other idea but to dig on here, eat, drink, sleep, and kiss their wives.

As to more important business, I have nothing to write to you. You know best the course of it. Be (as you always must be) just, and honest; but if you are unhappily romantic, you shall come home without money, and write a tragedy on yourself*. Mr. Lyttleton told me that the Grenvilles and he had strongly recommended the person the governor and you proposed for that considerable office, lately fallen vacant in your department, and that there were good hopes of succeeding. He told me also that Mr. Pitt had said that it was not to be expected that offices, such as that is, for which the greatest interest is made here at home, could be accorded to your recommendation; but that as to the middling or inferior offices, if there was not some particular reason to the contrary, regard would be had thereto. This is all that can be reasonably desired; and if you are not infected with a certain Creolian distemper (whereof I am persuaded your soul will utterly resist the contagion, as I hope your body will that of their natural ones) there are few men so capable of that unperishable happiness, that peace and satisfaction of mind at least, that proceed from being reasonable and moderate in our desires, as you are. These are the treasures dug from an inexhaustible mine in our breasts, which, like those in the kingdom of heaven, the rust of time cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. I must learn to work at this mine a little more, being struck off from a certain hundred pounds a year, which you know I had.

West, Mallet, and I, were all routed in one day. If you must know why....out of resentment to our friend in Argyle-street. Yet I have hopes given me of having it restored, with interest, some time or other. Ah! that *some time or other* is a great deceiver.

Coriolanus has not yet appeared upon the stage, from the little dirty jealousy of Tullus [Garrick] towards him who alone can act Coriolanus [Quin.] Indeed the first has entirely jockeyed the last off the stage for this season; but I believe he will return on him next season, like a giant in his wrath. Let us have a little more patience, Paterson; nay, let us be chearful. At last, all will be well; at last, all will be over....here I mean! God forbid it should be hereafter! But as sure as there is a God, that will not be so.

Now that I am prating of myself, know that, after fourteen or fifteen years, the Castle of Indolence comes abroad in a fortnight. It will certainly travel as far as Barbadoes. You have an apartment in it, as a night-pensioner; which you may remember I fitted up for you, during our delightful party at Northaw. Will ever these days return again! Don't you remember your eating the raw fish that were never caught?

All our friends are pretty much in *statu quo*, except it be poor Mr. Lyttleton. He has had the severest trial a humane tender heart can have; but the old physician, Time, will at least close up his wounds, though there must always remain an inward smarting.

Mitchell† is in the house for Aberdeenshire, and has spoke modestly well: I hope he will be in something else soon; none deserves better: true friendship and humanity dwell in his heart. Gray is working hard at passing his accounts. I spoke to him about that affair. If he gives you any trouble about it, even that of dunning, I shall think strangely; but I dare say he is too friendly to his old friends, and you are among the oldest. Symmer is at last tired of quality, and is going to take a semi-country house at Hammersmith.

I am sorry that honest sensible Warrender (who is in town) seems to be stunted in church preferment: he ought to be a tall cedar in the house of the Lord. If he is not so at last it will add more fuel to my indignation, that burns already too intensely, and throbs towards an eruption. Poor Murdock is in town, tutor to admiral Vernon's son, and is in good hope of another living in Suffolk, that country of tranquillity, where he will then burrow himself in a wife, and be happy. Good-natured obliging Millar is as usual. Though the doctor increases in his business, he does not decrease in his spleen; but there is a certain kind of spleen that is both humane and agreeable, like Jacques in the play: I sometimes too have a touch of it. But I must now break off this chat with you, about your friends, which, were I to indulge it, would be endless.

As for politics, we are, I believe, upon the brink of a peace. The French are vapouring at present in the siege of Maestricht, at the same time they are mortally sick in their marine, and through all the vitals of France. It is pity we cannot continue the war a little longer, and put their agonizing trade quite to death. This siege (I take it) they mean as their last flourish in the war. May your health, which never failed you yet, still continue, till you have scraped together enough to return home, and live in some snug corner, as happy as the *Coryeius Senex*, in Virgil's Fourth Georgic, whom I recommend both to you and myself, as a perfect model of the truest happy life. Believe me to be ever most sincerely and affectionately,

Your's, &c.

JAMES THOMSON.

* Paterson had tried his hand on a tragedy at London, without much success.

† Afterwards envoy to Berlin, and knight of the Bath.

## A DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES.

CHURCHILL AND DR. JOHNSON.

*Churchill.*

THOUGH I disliked you upon earth, and never deigned to enter into conversation with you; yet, as you are lately arrived in these regions, I should like to be informed even by you of the late transactions in the other world.

*Johnson.* I always said you was a blockhead, sir, and I shall never alter my opinion....I never converse with blockheads.

*Churchill.* Your manners have not received much polish since I left you upon earth....You still retain much of the savage about you, both in your figure and deportment; but believe me Pomposo, I shall lash you into civility, as I did in the other country, if you provoke me.

*Johnson.* Lashes from your feeble hand can only excite my laughter.

*Churchill.* I shall publish another Ghost that will strike terror into your soul, if you refuse or delay to answer me such questions as I think proper to propose to you....Why did you refuse me the honour of admitting me among the British poets, contrary to the opinion and request of the proprietors?..... Answer me without prevarication, or you shall take the consequences.

*Johnson.* Your pieces had some merit, but it was of the temporary and local kind, and not at all calculated for posterity, or for distant countries: therefore I did not think it my duty to class them with those works which had a claim to immortality.

*Churchill.* Did I not caution you against prevarication?....No more of it, Pomposo, if you dread the shafts of my resentment.

*Johnson.* Why if I must acknowledge the truth. I must....I deserved the chastisement which you severely inflicted on me, and found no inclination to propagate my disgrace....I had been so clearly convicted of folly at your tribunal, that I thought proper to suppress the publication of my trial.

*Churchill.* Now I think I have brought you to the point....But answer me ingenuously the question I am about to propose:....Were the booksellers your masters, so ignorant as to suppose the poems of Pomfret were superior to those which I have written, and which have certainly had admirers among people of some taste?

*Johnson.* Ignorant they are, or....I should not have prevailed on them to reject your performances, and introduce the flimsy rhymes of sleepy Pomfret. I acknowledge, to my shame, that I extolled the wretched productions of that versifier and preferred them to the harmonious and nervous satires which proceeded from your pen. My employers seemed astonished at my opinion, but readily acquiesced in it (or as they were pleased to say) that I was more competent than they were to decide upon such a subject.

*Churchill.* What have you to say in extenuation of the crime you have committed, in robbing me of my well-earned fame?

*Johnson.* I had smarted under your correction, sir, and naturally embraced an opportunity of having my complete revenge.....But, be consoled....Time will restore you to the rank which I deprived you of, and posterity will do you that justice which my resentment has, for a time, withheld from you.

*Churchill.* Your candour almost atones for the injury that you have done me. I forgive you....This point being adjusted between us, we may now converse together on friendly terms. I have many en-

quiries to make after such of my acquaintance as have not set out upon their journey to these abodes.

*Johnson.* And you shall find me communicative respecting matters that I am acquainted with. But, for the present I must leave thee....My Tetsy beckons me towards her.

ORIGIN OF THE GREY MARE'S BEING THE BETTER HORSE.

I HAD lately the pleasure of passing a very agreeable evening in a mixed company of both sexes, where the conversation happening to turn upon the propriety of that power which men usually arrogate to themselves of ruling over their wives with despotic sway, a young lady of wit and humour, then present, replied, "it might possibly be so sometimes, but much oftener the *grey mare is the better horse!*" and very obligingly entertained the company with the following account of the rise of that proverbial saying, which is made use of when a woman governs her husband.

A gentleman of a certain county in England having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and with many other charms, yet finding, in a very short time, that she was of a high domineering spirit, and always contending to be mistress of him and his family, he was resolved to part with her. Accordingly he went to her father, and told him, he found his daughter of such a temper, and he was so heartily tired of her, that if he would take her home again, he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him, "why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the marriage state?" The young gentleman desired to be excused, if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled; and as most certainly no man, who had a sense of right and wrong, could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son (said the old man) you are but little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all, indeed, by the same method: however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this proof, if you are willing to try it: I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing one hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you will find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbours. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected; our young married man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife.

At the first house he came to, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further enquiry; at the next he met with something of the same kind; and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county: he knocked at the door, and enquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant, that his master was not yet stirring, but, if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlour. The lady, with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said, if his business was very urgent, she would wake her husband to let him know it, but had much rather not disturb him. "Why, really, madam (said he) my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me. You will, doubtless, think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me; I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam, to desire to be informed, whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you?"..... "Indeed, sir (replied the lady), this question is somewhat odd; but, as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say, that I have been always proud to obey my husband in all things; but, if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at that moment entering the room, and, after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favour; upon which he was invited to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most; but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be most useful to them; but madam still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. "What (said she), and will you not take her then? But I say you shall; *for I am sure the grey mare is much the better horse.*" Well, my dear (replied the husband), if it must be so....." "You must take an egg (replied the gentleman carter), and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavour to live happy with my wife."

ZENO.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

[The following lines, from the State Gazette (a federal paper, printed at Charleston, South Carolina), are happily conceived, and perhaps are not, at this time, inapt.]

### THE FABLE OF THE OAK AND THE WILLOW,

*PARAPHRASED.*

WITHIN the commonwealth of trees,
There liv'd, in opulence and ease,
A Willow and a neighbouring Oak,
Two very powerful gentlefolk!
The helm of state was all their aim,
To which they laid an equal claim.
The Willow vain, provok'd at length
The sturdy Oak to try its strength:
The challenge was received *in form*,
To be decided by a storm.
The *God of Storms* was now addrest,
The prowess of each side to test.
'Twas granted, as each Willow knows,
And now a furious tempest rose,
That threaten'd, with disastrous fate,
The constitution of the state.
The *conscious* Willow knew, of course,
That *cringing* was his last resource,
And bending from the *dubious* blast,
Evaded all its force at last;....
While the *firm* Oak to fury's tide
Opposed its lacerated side;
And scorning *meanness*, with disdain
Fell prostrate on the groaning plain.
Meantime th' exulting Willow stood,
And claim'd the victory o'er the Wood.

When thus the firm and stately Oak,
In terms of indignation, spoke:....
"*Mean, worthless wretch!* is this thy fort,
Each fickle, favouring gale to court,
And, with insinuating wile,
Of half its force the storm beguile?
Not to thy strength, but frail condition,
Thou owest thy present elevation.
I am an Oak, tho' fall'n, indeed!
Thou still a *vile* and skulking weed!
Rais'd by no merit of thy own,
But by the *blast* that laid me prone.
Say! if thou canst, what plant or tree,
Except a sycophant like thee,
Devoted to *intrigue* and *strife*,
Whould e'er prefer a *dastard's* life,
Preserv'd by guile and crafty *saws*,
To falling in A GLORIOUS CAUSE.

ATTICUS.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

TELL me, Eliza, tell me why
Thou charmst us so?....Is it thine eye,
That eye which beams celestial light?
No; other eyes may glance as bright.

'Tis then, perhaps, thy ruby lip,
Where Cupid ambush'd lurks to sip,
With urchin'd art, ambrosial dew;
No; other lips are ruby too.

May it not be the modest rose,
Which in thy vermil cheek still glows,
Where laughing health confest we view?
No; other cheeks boast roses too.

Where then's this fascinating grace,
That's e'en more lovely than thy face?
This magic cestus worn alone by thee?
'Tis in thy gentle manners, void of art,
Which speak the dictates of thy peaceful heart,
Candour, Good-humour and Simplicity.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

The following lines were occasioned by seeing, about a twelvemonth ago, a very pretty girl, whose eyes expressed no monastic feelings, confined in a convent at Messina.

Immur'd within the silent convent's gloom,
The chill abode of superstitious fear,
Whose baleful aspect blights each op'ning bloom,
Whose worship is the agonizing tear,

Sweet maid, with all those charms condemn'd to pine,
While Nature, ever to her feelings true,
To give regret for what you thus resign,
Shall paint each pleasure in its gayest hue.

Teresa! say, is that benignant Pow'r,
For whom my thoughts with purest fervour glow,
Best worship'd by the monkish forehead's lour,
The tear of anguish and the sigh of woe?

Or by those passions, which around mankind
Shed their soft lustre, and the heart improve?
A spirit lib'ral, open, and refin'd,
Contentment's sonnet, and the smile of love?

Is he more pleas'd, when from the surly reign
Of ruffian winter all the songsters fly?
When dead each flowret of the frozen plain,
And clouds and tempests blacken all the sky?

Or when mild spring returns with smiling face,
When Flora scatters all her gayest blooms,
When the soft turtles form the amorous chace,
And wanton zephyrs waft around perfumes?

Behold within these walls the pining maids!
Their cheeks how pale! how dim their vestal eyes!
And say, secluded in these dismal shades,
Has Heav'n alone the tribute of their sighs?

Then from thy grate view yonder sportive throng,
Where mirth and health their mingled gifts impart,
Where age, embrown'd with toil, joins in the song,
And thanks Hygeia for his happy heart.

Behold and say....shall Nature to our reach
Present those joys, which Nature's God denies?
With monitory voice shall Virtue teach,
To spurn those blessings Providence supplies?

O, be not cheated by the fraudful tale!
Nor think that HE, who all those beauties gave,
Dooms e'en the blushing flow'r that scents the vale,
Unheeded, unenjoy'd to seek the grave.

Teresa, fly where o'er th'Atlantic wave
No horrid prisons hold thy lovely sex;
No frowning parents innocence enslave,
Where only importuning lovers vex.

Oh fly! and let the tender task be mine,
To keep thee free from all but love's alarms,
With fainting transport on thy breast recline,
And teach the better uses of thy charms.

Then on thy couch no more the fiend Despair
Shall from thy trembling eye-lids call a tear;
But Cupids guard thee with assiduous care,
And bliss, forever smiling, hover near.

With bloom renew'd thy lovely cheeks shall glow,
While sweetest thoughts thy soften'd sighs express,
And those bright eyes, no more suffus'd with woe,
The dearest ecstacy of love confess.

Ao.

---

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

TO CHLOE.

SAY, dearest girl, the bloom divine
Upon thy cheek which glows,
Those pouting lips, where loves refine
The sweetness of the rose;
That wildly wanton swelling breast,
So form'd each bliss to prove;
Those limbs by all the graces drest,
Those eyes that swim in love.

Ah! say, shall all that store of charms,
Which lavish Nature gave,
E'er sink in cold Indifference' arms,
Of beauty still the grave:
While I, within whose breast the beams
Of beauty, love has bred,
Am, sighing, left to court the *dreams*,
That gives thee to my bed.

No, Chloe, let each soft desire
Thy panting bosom fill,
Nor him whose heart thy charms inspire,
With frigid prudence kill.
So may sweet ecstacy be thine!
May bliss e'er dwell with thee!
While smiling loves thy heart incline
To share that bliss with me.

Ao.

---

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

TO ELIZA.

DEAR lovely maid, that rul'st my heart,
What evils cause those sighs,
And force those trembling tears to start,
That dim thy radiant eyes?

What pales thy cheek, whose bloom so late
Surpass'd the orient glow?
Oh! why, complaining of thy fate,
Look'st thou the form of woe?

Is it (whom fortune's frowns oppress,
And force from thee to part),
The image of thy love's distress,
That melts thy gentle heart?

Eliza! sure thy virtues are
Of such celestial hue,
That Heav'n itself will have a care
O'er him thou lov'st so true.

Ao.

---

## SELECTED POETRY.

[Even the gravity of the Monthly Reviewers declared, on the first publication of the following catch, that "its humour was easy, and agreeable."]

Which is the properest day to drink?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday?

Each is the properest day, I think,
Why should we name but one day?

Tell me but yours, I'll mention my day,
Let us but fix on some day.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

---

[We request a translation of the following beautiful verses.]

STANCES MORALES, PAR M. DE PILS.

LA grande route de la vie
Se partage en quatre relais;
Quoique plantee en noir cipres
Nuit et jour elle est fort suivie.

En vertu des arrets du sort,
C'est dans une ample diligence;
Que le tems coche de la mort,
Y voiture l'humaine engeance.

Pour ce voyage vous jugez,
Que l'homme part des qu'il est jeune;
Et l'usage veut qu'il dejeune,
A l'hotel des prejugez.

A midi Venus le supplie
De diner chez elle en passant;
Bien que l'hotesse soit jolie,
Il la querelle en la quittant.

Pour dissiper sa reverie,
Quand la journee est aux trois quarts
Il fait hat a l'hotellerie
De la science, et des beaux arts.

Il y voit des jaloux sans nombre,
Qui se mettant tous a crier;
Lui disputent d'un regard sombre,
Deux ou trois feuilles de haurier.

Contre une aussi futile troupe,
Emu d'une juste pitie;
Il remonte, et le soir il soupe
A l'auberge de l'amitie.

Mais a cette paisible table,
Comme il alloit se divertir,
Le postillion impitoyable
Le force encore a repartir.

C'en est fait! son ame succombe
Au souvenir de tant de maux;
Il arrive; et c'est une tombe
Qui lui sert de lit de repos.

[The following is one of the happiest imitations of the style of DR. PERCY.]

LINDORE.

In reply to "The Fairest of the Fair," a song, by the Bishop of Dromore.

O LINDORE, canst thou doubt my love,
Or think the town deserves a sigh?
Thy Nancy will a cot approve,
Nor envy queens, if thou art nigh.
Then shall the russet gown be mine,
Nor splendid jewels deck my vest;
Nor ever shall my heart repine,
With Lindore's fond affection blest.

With thee I'll fly each scene so gay,
Though heat annoy, or wintry wind;
Nor shall a look or sigh betray
A mournful heart, or restless mind.
With thee each labour I'll defy,
With thee, I'll gently sink to rest,
Nor shall past pleasures raise a sigh,
With Lindore's fond affection blest.

If perils should my love oppress,
With him I'll brave their bitter rage,
And, 'mid the terrors of distress,
His presence shall my fears assuage;
And on his frame should sickness prey,
My care shall every pang arrest;
Nor shall a thought past joys display,
With Lindore's fond affection blest.

And should my gentle Lindore die,
Let Nancy his last moments chear,
Her bosom ne'er shall heave a sigh,
Her eyes shall ne'er distil a tear:
But when thou'rt gone, thy wretched love
Will rend her heart upon thy breast,
Nor any scenes but those approve,
Which Lindore's fond affection blest.

---

EPIGRAM,

On a Young Lady of the name of Whiting.

SURE Whiting is no fasting dish,
Let priests say what they dare;
I'd rather have my dainty *fish*,
Than all their Christmas fare.
So sweet, so innocent, so free
From all that tends to strife;
O happy man! whose lot shall be
To *swim* with her thro' life.

Whatever *bait* love e'er could make,
To *catch* my *fish* I'd try,
I'd be a *gentle* for her sake,
Or artificial *fly*.
But Venus, goddess of the *flood*,
Does all my pray'rs deny;
And surly Mars cries "D——n your blood,
You've other *fish* to *fry*."

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PRINTED FOR
THE EDITOR & ELIZABETH DICKINS.
PUBLISHED, FOR THE COUNTRY, AT
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET;
AND, FOR THE CITY, BY
WILLIAM FRY,
NO. 36, CHESNUT-STREET.
FROM THE PRESS OF
HUGH MAXWELL, COLUMBIA-HOUSE.